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Original Poetry.

BURNS.

Written for the United States Saturday Post, after a Visit to the Grounds, &c. &c. of the late Rev. Dr. Ian Charrie and Shortly after the Beautiful Rest of the Poet.

BY JOHN TILLSON

Enchanted spirit of the inspired Bard!
Bright vision of a ground of world's regard!
No more the student, o'er thy pages, yearns
To trace thy lineaments of Nature's Bourne!
The artist here, with thy own genius fraught,
The true ideal of the Bard has caught,
And, fill'd with glowing fancies, at the close
Shadowed them forth, in form almost divine
Illustrious Child of Song! Millions shall hear
Before that baby intellectual lone!
The laboratory—that grand dome of thought
Whence peerless gems of poesy were wrought—
These tuneful numbers, would'st aside to cheer;
The grave or gay—the peasant or the peer;
These moral precepts, framed in nature bright,
Pregnant with wit, with love and lasting fraught!
That native here—and independent strain—
Uppermost—and the last, nor light here restrain!
How pleasingly may be read,
Unaccustomed, as to their head—
Here well delineated—we may find—
As on a long lost, yet first, glorified mind!
Here may be noted, traits most truly human,
That wake the Lyre, in praise of lovely woman!
And skilful evidence, may trace,
Touches of humor, in that manly face;
While personal traits, with sweet thou graceful art
Is view'd the social, warm and generous heart.
And more vibrant—the touch of artist wan,
The ardent patriot, glowing through the whole.
The Caledonian—from his sea-girt home,
Whom distance, nor the danger of the ocean to roam:
Who finds a welcome 'mouth those western shores—
Beholds their mountains, valleys, streams and groves!
And pleasing pictures, on his memory throng
Of North dear—the land of Burns and song!
Her hearth-clad hills, her fields of living green—
Her mountains, streams and lakes of purest sheen!
How contrasting—the scene!
Made classic by the Minstrelsy she loves.
Her virtuous race, more than the storied mound
A wall of fire!" around their native land.
No cheap reward—save the heart's artist wan,
Whose taste has moulded this fine head of Burns.
As long as worth and genius is revered—
Long as the human heart is understood,
While Heaven-born Poesy, asserts her claim,
Apollo's Child—immortal wreath of fame
Will may the painter and the sculptor vie
To link their memories in art and history!
And shame a glorious wreath, until one more have to die.

Prize Story.

ARLINGTON HOUSE,
A Domestic Story
CONCLUDED.

FOR WHICH THE PRIZE OF SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS WAS AWARDED BY THE COMMITTEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

BY MISS ELIZABETH DOGART.

PART II.

Why is Constance so pale and thin: and why do we find her weeping in her lonely home—but the indulgence of her grief is suddenly interrupted by a step beside her—and Russel stands before her with a lowering and angry look.

"I tell you but childish, Constance," said he harshly, "you are absolutely nothing but a baby. I never come home, but I find you crying—and because I am not more agreeable than, as if you had been forced away from them against your will."

Constance looked up, and her tears dried on her burning cheeks, as she replied, "I would to God it had been so, Frank. Then, I would have returned to them. Now, I cannot.

"And what am I to infer from that, my pretty one," said Russel, sneeringly. "That your love for Arlington is dead? You confess it self in its violence: and now, you would prefer the affection of your family, to mine."

"Frank, Frank," said Constance, with a flash of her former spirit, "how has it been manifested? You have refused me the only blessing which I crave on earth—and if he comes you well, indeed, to talk of affection."

"Beware, Constance—"

"No, I will not beware! I have nothing to hope, and I will speak the truth. I have nothing to fear, and why should I restrain the words which flow in bleeding heart."

"It would be better to speak calmly," said Russel, making an effort to subdued himself. "There are times when always end in something unpleasant."

Constance interrupted him—"Stop Frank. When you can but the sea be calm in the midst of the storm, or the tempest be still in its raging fury, then, you may expect, as a wife, to be calmed—but not unchastised it—and all its violence—and now, you would prefer the affection of your family, to mine."

"I am, indeed," said Constance, with a flash of her former spirit. "how has it been manifested? You have refused me the only blessing which I crave on earth—and if he comes you well, indeed, to talk of affection."

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"If you will be so unreasonable, then," asserted Frank, "there is no use in talking to you. Let me tell you, however, that it is in vain to oppose marring this place. I am determined on it—and going still further from Surrey—and you know my motives."

"Yes, I do, indeed," said Constance bitterly. Russel waited not to hear her, but she continued speaking. "You would separate me forever, from those whom I love—you have wrongged, and cruelly deceived. My beloved mother! My kind and indulgent father! I shall never see you more! May you never have the misery of your unhappy child."

Russel persisted in his resolution of removing, and Constance submitted. A new neighborhood, brought new trials. Russel took no pains to introduce her into society, and she was consequently regarded with an eye of suspicion, and experienced but little kindness or attention. Seasons of alternation, frequently took place between Russel and his wife—deceitful, and Constance was goaded with his continual reproaches of her melancholy. He had been making appointments to her one day, which roused her indignation to the highest pitch.

"You will drive me distracted, Frank," exclaimed she, "and perhaps you wish to do so. Why not kill me at once, since you have made life a burthen—and you have no pleasure in dagger in my heart, than thus to stab me daily with your words.

"It is your own fault, Constance," answered Frank, coolly. "You have opposed all my pleas, and now you can take your choice of the two alternatives, which I have offered."

"God of mercy!" exclaimed Constance, clasping her hands together, in an attitude of supplication, "look upon me, and pity. I am sent to what a fearful strait I am reduced! Oh, give me strength and patience to bear my lot!"

"As you make your bed, so you must lie," replied her persecutor. "You consented to your fate."

Wildly and madly throbbed the heart of the wretched victim. She pressed her hands to her temples, and felt as if her senses were leaving her, but it was not so. They still performed their functions too distinctly—and she spoke, as if only to give utterance to the thoughts, which would have vent. "A man may fall, and rise again—but a woman falls, and there is no hope for her, but in the grave. Heaven may open to the penitent, but the world is sternly against her forever. Can this be justice? Yes, it is the justice of earth—but a higher tribunal will make all right, at last."

Russel felt no pity for the ruin he had wrought. He was utterly and thoroughly selfish—and yet strange as it may appear, Constance still loved him. She had forsaken all for him. She had no one else on whom to rest. He had lost none of his personal attractions, and she could not entirely divest herself of the admiration with which he had first inspired her. He had won her heart in the strength of its first passion, and she had never ceased to love him. It was in the nature of a woman, to cease to love. Where her affections have once been firmly rooted, they may be crushed and trampled on, and the green branches cut away and destroyed: but the root will still live, even amidst the (loss of neglect, and blight of disappointment.

Constance was less blooming than when Russel had first took her from her father's house. but far more exceedingly interesting. The faculties of her mind, which had before lain dormant, were developed in her countenance. Her deep blue eyes were lighted from an inward powerful thought: and her pale cheek was too often flushed with the blood which sprung with sudden and violent emotion, to her heart. The fire of the spirit was consuming the body, and she wasted away, and yet grew more beautiful than ever.

Russel had not spoken in reply to her last words, but finding that she remained silent, and was relapsing into her former melancholy abstraction, he said sternly,

"I shall leave you to consider of my proposal."

"It needs no consideration, Frank," replied Constance, firmly. "I reject it now, and forever."

"You will repent of your folly, then," said Russel. "You might save yourself some pain."

"A dying bed is a fearful woman," said she, "and should not feel the difference. But you, Russel, you might save me," and she started up, and wrung her hands in bitterness of soul. "You you might save me from all pain, all sorrow, all reproach, if you would!"

How could he withstand the appeal! For an instant he was moved, and pressed his lips to hers: but he would not trust himself to speak—and after the first impulse of tender ness was over, he left her to indulge a hope, which he never meant to realize.

We will pass over a few of the dark, eventful months which succeeded, and drop the curtain between the scenes. The Arlingtons could obtain no intelligence of their child: and waited with anxious hearts, for her promised letter. At length a letter came, but not from her. It bore the mournful insignia of death, and the agonized parents read the following communication from Mr. Russel.

"The painful duty has devolved upon Mr Russel, of informing the family of Mr. Arlington, that their daughter, Mrs. Constance Russel Her declining state of health, for some months past has caused the deepest alarm to her friends: and her husband, in the hope of change of air, but it was of no avail. Her disease was past the cloning scene of her life, was in the town of F——, where she received the benefit of the best medical aid, and departed in peace. Her final home. Her remains repose in the churchyard of this place, where every mark of affection and respect, was paid to her memory."

This laconic epistle conveyed the early intelligence, which they were able to procure. The place in which she was reported to have died, was an obscure village, far remote from their abode. What could they say! It was but out of the Almighty, and they were silent. Deep, however, was their grief, which was increased by the reflection that she had died among strangers, and perhaps without experiencing the kind attentions of him, for whom she had sacrificed all her other friends: it which veil was thrown over her married life, and they sought to penetrate it, in vain. A few more months passed on—James Arlington met a friend from London, who accosted him with the following question.

"James, is not Frank Russel a widower? I think he married your sister."

"He did," replied James, mournfully, "and wrote us an account of her death, but a short time since."

"It is a very singular circumstance, then," said the gentleman, "that he should be attending balls this winter. I saw him the other evening at Almacks, dressed in scarlet and gold, and the gayest among the gay."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the young Arlington. "You must certainly be under a mistake, as he must know—"

"My dear fellow," answered his friend, "I wish, for your sake, that I could have been deceived: but I know Frank Russel, as well as I know you: and not only saw him, but spoke to him; and have met him at other places of amusement, within the last month."

"He is a scoundrel!" exclaimed James, with vehemence. "I will pursue him to the ends of the earth, and force him to give satisfaction, for thus insulting the memory of my sister. Poor Constance! I fear she had a wretched life with him! My heart bleeds, when I think of her."

"Have you any reason for supposing that she was not happy?" asked the friend.

"We had no certain knowledge of the fact," replied James, "but we were always kept in ignorance of every thing concerning her husband. All that we know of her sickness and death, is contained in a few cold and formal lines, and the gayest among the gay!"

"And is there no means of obtaining a correct account of his conduct to her?" again enquired the gentleman. James roused for a moment. "I will endeavor to ascertain," said he, "the name of the clergyman at F——— and write to my father to him. He may have visited her, and will be the most likely person to be able to give some intelligence on the subject."

"I am happy to say," replied his friend, "that I can help you to the information which you require. The Rev. Joseph Warren, formerly a classmate of mine, was settled in the church at that place."

James wasted no hear no more. He was too anxious to disclose to his parents, and sister what had already been told him respecting the behavior of Russel. Astonishment seized on them all at his recital; and Mr. Arlington immediately penned the following letter to the clergyman at F———.

"To the Rev. J. Warren,

Rev. and Dear Sir:—Your private character, as well as your sacred profession, induces me to believe that you will pardon the intrusion of a stranger's pencil. An affected father applies to you for some information, relating to the last illness of his child, who died in your town, in the August of the last summer. Overcome by the wife of Frank Russel, Esq., to the person to whom I refer. Mr. Russel mentioned in a short letter, written after her death, that they had resided during the summer of the present year, in the village of F———, that the disease which had been previously preying upon the health of his wife, had there terminated in her death; and that she was buried in the graveyard attached to the church, of which, I presume, you are the pastor. Let me entreat you, my dear sir, if you are acquainted with the particulars of her illness and death, to give a more explicit and circumstantial account of them to her sorrowing parents, who mourn deeply for the loss of a once idolized daughter. If you are yourself a parent, you will understand the feelings which prompt this request: and by complying with it as soon as possible, you will confer a lasting obligation on

Your humble servant.

B. ARLINGTON,

County of Surrey."

"R. Arlington, Esq.,

My Dear Sir:—You will readily conceive my astonishment at reading your letter, when I assure you solemnly, that on family of the name of Russel has ever resided in the village of F———, since I have been the minister of this parish; consequently, on such lady as you mention, could have sickened or died, or been buried here. The church of which I have the charge, is the only house of worship in the town; and there is not an individual belonging to the congregation, with whom I am not personally acquainted. Had Mrs. Russel been ill and died in this place, I should undoubtedly have been able to give you the desired information; as, in cases of sickness occurring within my jurisdiction, I never omit visiting the sufferer, and offering such consolation as it may be in my power to bestow. Of your daughter, however, I have not the slightest knowledge: and am totally at a loss to account for the mistake under which you are labouring. There seems to be some mystery connected with the circumstances of the case, which I trust you will be able to unravel to your full satisfaction. I have no private interest in your distress; and if there is any way in which my assistance can be of service, I shall be happy to aid you in unfolding the affair, and searching the secret to the bottom.

Yours with sincerity,

JOSEPH WARREN."

After the receipt of this letter, a horrible idea took possession of the minds of the family at Arlington House. The apprehension that Constance had come to her death by the hand of violence, they dismissed immediately: as they could not divest themselves of the suspicion, that Russel had himself been concerned in the fatal tragedy. The more they dwelt upon his conduct, the stronger became their conviction, that he was, in some way, a murderer—and that the young and innocent being, who had given him her heart in its first faith and freshness, had fallen a sacrifice to his cruelty. The more they dwelt upon the mournful subject, the more imagination conjured up a thousand images of horror. They saw her in the power of a man, whose heart was steeled against every feeling of pity and remorse. They beheld her in the agonies of death, with her imploring eyes raised to Heaven, while there was mercy—and they mourned for their daughter, and would not be comforted. The circumstances remained for them to pursue which was to try the strength of the law, to bring out the knowledge of crime.

On the plea of his suspicion of wrong done to his child, from the deception which had been practised upon her family, concerning the place and manner of her death. Mr Arlington applied for a writ of habeas corpus, which was issued by Lord Grant of the county, directed to Frank Russel, Esq., commanding him to appear at the Court of King's Bench, to which respect had been ascertained to be false—and for which deception, he was required to account.

On the return of the writ, the court was crowded with a dense mass of people. The doors and windows were thronged with those who could not gain admittance. The interest, the aggravated circumstances of the case, had excited an unusual degree of feeling in the populace: and multitudes were assembled to witness the elucidation of the mystery. The parents, brother and sister, of the unfortunate Constance, were together in the court, in a state of fear and uncertainty, entered the court. Dressed in deep mourning and bowed down with a weight of grief, their appearance excited the utmost interest. The spectators made way for them with a sentiment of respect and commiseration: and even the judge himself was moved. Again the door opening. Every eye was turned toward it with an eager glance of curiosity. A thrill of intense expectation through the assembly. Were the bearers of the coffin approaching with the dead body of the lady? An involuntary shudder of horror accompanied the thought. Room was again made by the crowd, and the doors flung wide open for the entrance of Russel, handsomely dressed in scarlet and gold, and the gayest among the gay!

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Guilded by his movement, she came forward in the court, pale as a marble statue, and with features almost as rigid. No emotion was visible on her countenance: the power of feeling was past. A burst of indignation and astonishment was heard throughout the house—while Russel seemed firmly fixed to the spot, as if overcome by the overwhelming feeling of confusion and dismay

and end failing. Poor heart! Poor mind! I was all dark winter with thee! And now, our history rests.

CHAPTER II.

"My heart is full of thee: long long shall my eyes
Gaze on the fond one—speak to her—speak of her—
Then give her all I ever sighed to love,
And with a sister's faithfulness be true."—Barton.

Mary Herbert, now a beautiful woman, (for it is three years since we saw her last,) still kept true to her early dream. Although fifteen had not been wanting—those were days for deed to the rich and beautiful! but her answer to all was refusal.

"Why do you not marry?" asked her father.

"I am very happy as I am, sir; I do not wish to change my condition."

"But my child—"

"Nay, do not urge it, father, or I shall think that you want to get rid of me."

And he was silenced, if not convinced. But after each offer, Mary would look pale for a day or two, and tears would come easily to her eyes. One day she received a note from Jean Costarini, entreating her own and her father's presence. Julia was dying of consumption, and her sister was anxious to see her, and that not refuse. They went to the house and were shown to the drawing-room. Lying upon the sofa was the once beautiful girl, with the bright hectic spot upon her cheek and the fiery spark of disease in her delirious eye. But wasted, faded, and dying. Mary dashed a kiss her.

"Away!" she said, "away! I have given you Judas' kisses enough."

Mary started back amazed and sank upon a chair; and Julia spoke again.

"Miss Herbert," said she, pointing to an old gentleman whom Mary had taken for the physician—"Miss Herbert, let me introduce Mr. Johnstone, the uncle of George Glyndon."

And she fled from Mary's face; but by a strong effort she kept back her tears.

"And now," said the dying girl, "now that I am about to pass away from among you forever. I have sent for you all to hear a confession of sin, of sorrow, and of judgment. Mary Herbert! you treat George Glyndon as you love him now—and he was worthy of your love; for well did he repay it by as pure an affection as ever filled the heart of man. But I, too, loved him, with such passion as is little known now. He loved you; but I swore he should not wed you, and *I have kept my oath!* I forged the story of his crimes. Hearing of the seduced girl, I went to see her. She did not know her seducer's real name, and I easily persuaded her that it was Glyndon. By my instigation she wrote the note, and had the interview with his uncle, which concludes as you all know. From my lips, you, Mary Herbert, first heard the lie that ruined him. I did it all—I closed his career of honorable love forever—I destroyed his hope of love—I reduced him to misery and want—I drove him, perhaps, to a poverty-fraught—and why? Because *I loved him!* I could have died for him. I could have done for him, what your gentle heart would shudder to think of. But I could not see him wed another! So I sent that beautiful, proud face, to blanch or blacken in dish or in coffin, or wherever the Poor find unconsecrated burial-places. And now, I am dying! You, man, bear from my dying lips for Mary Ingleford, even as I have sworn to her curse sound in my dying ears. You, Mr. Johnstone, you who loved him so, what have you to say to the destroyer of the orphan of your sister?"

And the old man kneeled down beside her and murmured, "Let us pray!" and poured out an earnest supplication for the dying and erring soul. But in the midst of his prayer she sprang to her feet, and shrieked fearfully—"Mercy! mercy! Do not curse me George I am dying! But she did not see him!"

Then she fell back—there was a shudder—a stretching of the limbs—then the eye fixed, and the jaw fell, and the beautiful Julia Costarini was but clay.

Mr Herbert had taken his daughter to one of the numerous watering places of the South, hoping for some benefit to her health, from change of air and scene.

When out walking one day they passed a beautiful villa; and Mr. Herbert had the curiosity to ask the name of its owner.

"A Mr. Glyndon," was the answer, and Mary trembled.

"There is quite a romance connected with him," pursued the coreree, not noticing Mary's agitation. "He came here miserably poor, and arrived at midnight. Passing this place, he heard a cry for help. Springing over the fence and advancing towards the house, he saw a robber at midnight. Flashing this place, he found an old man struggling feebly with a burglar. At sight of Mr. Glyndon, the fellow took flight; and the old man was saved. He being childless, adopted his preserver, whom, when dying, he made his sole heir. He is a strange man, however, haughty and reserved, and never joins our gayeties. It is a pity too, for he is very handsome."

That night from her quiet corner in the ball room, Mary Herbert saw the fine form of her idol. He was again the dazzling star of fashion, with a deep sigh, he turned away to the embrasure of a window. She rose and gliding round to him, laid her hand upon his arm. He turned, recognized her instantly and a deathly pallor spread over her countenance.

"George!" she murmured—"Mr. Glyndon!" but instantly recovering himself, he bowed haughtily and left the room.

"She has heard that I am rich now," he thought.

Poor Mary! Hast thou treasured up thy truth for this? Must it be winter with thee still!

That day Glyndon received a letter from his uncle, who had at last found out his place of residence, explaining all, and relating the death of Julia Costarini. He flew to the hotel, but the Herbert's were gone.

One scene more and our story of Passion is closed.

One day Miss Herbert was sitting in her own drawing-room, when a rap at the door was heard, and the servant announced that the door was opened and a gentleman entered. She rose to receive him and recognized Glyndon. No explanation was necessary. Lord he opened his arms, and with a low cry of joy, she bounded to his breast.

There were the grave of Julia Costarini; and so lingering over her melancholy story, shed a few tears. But they could not be sad long, for what had they to fear, the whole of the fronts of Winter, the *Indian Summer* was glowing in their hearts.

Items of News.

THE BARRY CASE.—Our readers will recollect the case in New York some months ago between Mr. Barry and Mr. Merwin—the former claiming the custody of his child, which was retained by the latter, who was the father of the mother. The case was at the time decided adversely to Mr. Barry. He has recently renewed the suit, and obtained a judgment from the Superior Court in his favor. The Court of Appeals, (the Senate of the State) have reversed the decision, and by a vote of 19 to 2 decreed finally the custody of the child to its mother. The father of the wife, Mr. Merwin, died during the pendency of the suit.

RAIT.—At a tavern called the "Railroad House," in Smyrna, quite a riot occurred on the night of the 2d instant. There was a ball in the building. At altercation sprung up in the bar room, between the landlord and a man named Blake, in which the latter was very severely, though not dangerously wounded. Five arms was then freely used—four or five persons were badly wounded, but the Sheriff promptly quelled the row, by calling out the military, and arresting several of the ring leaders.

☞ On Tuesday of last week, a Revolutionary pensioner, in Plymouth, Mass., named John Addington, was robbed of upwards of one hundred dollars in silver, by two young men named Barrett and Oldham. The rogues have been arrested.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 20, 1844.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Of Mr. Isaac Donaldy, who left Brokenville, Pa., without paying his subscription to this paper.

Of St. John Honeywell, late of St. Louis, Mo.

Of Thomas Wharrey, late of Lewisburg, Ohio.

And of Jno. Tanner, late of Fort Pike, N. Y.

CAUTION.

We learn that a person calling himself Bernard, and brother of Mr. E. G. Berford, of the Philadelphia Mail, in Chestnut street, has been imposing on the editions of different places, by representing himself as the authorized agent of Graham's Magazine, The Ladies' National Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, and several New York publications. We are requested to say that Mr. Berford has no brother, and that the authority which the fellow shows is a forgery. The public cannot be too careful in examining the credentials of persons who profess to be agents for periodicals; and our country correspondents cannot do their readers a better act than by passing this imposter round in their papers.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late numbers.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the premiums.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the premiums.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two tickets.

For FIFTY DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

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KEEP IT BEFORE THE POETS.

That the publishers of the Saturday Evening Post offer the

FOLLOWING PRIZES.

For Poems to be handed in to the publishers by February 1st, 1844.

For the best POEM of two hundred lines or more, ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

For the best POEM of two hundred lines or less, the sum of Fifty Dollars.

For the second best shorter Poem, Twenty-Five Dollars.

The Poems to be submitted to the Committee must be delivered at 98 Chesnut street before the first day of February, 1844.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

'Tis a strange world: and it appears the more strange that no man is able to understand or appreciate the motives of his neighbor's conduct. With the details of the late horrid accident at the West before us, we the Editors and you the readers of the Post, would not hesitate an instant, did a lay in our province, to make appropriations for the improvement of the Western Waters—or in more precise phrase, to put the matter in such hands as will best take care of it. The Western people desire a uniform committee. Certain of the others want the matter referred to the Committee on Commerce. Now the latter has already business enough of another character, and to beside made up of men with comparatively little sympathy with the West, or knowledge of its needs. One would have fancied that the intelligence of the loss of the Shepherdess would at once have settled the debate upon reference, in favor of the Select Committee. But it was not so. The Jebate continues: and we who are not Congressmen, cannot understand how Congressmen can be so indifferent to a subject which would be terrific enough to force attention from an Editor.

Another matter appears to us, outside of the erratic, somewhat strange. It is that Mr. Rockwell has not been selected as agent of the Navy. He is an excellent business man, and has shown himself a most efficient Secretary. His late Report, (although not open to us,) we have been short, at best, and yet the Senators have thrown him over. Mr. Porter and Mr. Wright, both men of high name and talent, Alexandria, D. C. Page 2. Rockwill! J. K. Wilcox, mail agent, Rochester, N. Y. Davis and Ohio, who lost $1600 in gold. Mrs. Mure, of Va., with six children, and two or three servants—lost, every soul.

The following are known to be lost:—three children of Levi Craddock, of Clinton, Tenn., the wife and four children of Mr. Green, the same place; son and daughter of Mr. Snell, of Louisville; Mr. Wright and two children, of Memphis; Mr. Seven slaves of Gen. Howell were lost: and there were probably very many others of the same kind, of which no one has perished. We are unable, so far, to judge with precision the amount of loss of life. The captain of the boat, Mr. Howell, reported 'at least, 42 persons was saved.

MONEY RECOVERED.

The great robbery of Pomeroy & Co.'s Albany Express, is familiar to the readers of the Post. We are pleased to be able to state that the money has nearly all been recovered: and that in such a way too, as entirely to remove the mystery which has hitherto attended, what had attached to Copp the Express Agent, and to several gentlemen of character and respectability.

The robbery was made by a man named Lechner. He is a dothmore to Germany by trade—and came to this country, with that Nemmer, and settled at Milwaukie, Wisconsin. He had come to New York to buy goods, and on the day before himself to this trunk, which he dared to carry through New York, on his shoulders, when he landed from the boat. He even carried it directly by the Express office in which he has lodgings in Rivington street, without ceasing or disfiguring the cause of Pomeroy & Co., nor did he tell the time that the money was in it. He appears to have known or heard any of the country made about the loss, this statement of his agent and of English were probable enough. He was undoubtedly ignorant of the contents of the trunk when he stole it, and most probably did not know its full value, up to the time of his arrest.

On Friday last, a $500 note was received at the Albany City Bank in New York which was recognised at once as one of the stolen ones and most singularly too, it happened that this note was one of the very few in the bunch of which a description was held by the person who sent it! It was traced directly to a German Banker in Cedar street, who stated at once that he received it in payment for a bill of goods from Lechner. He was immediately arrested: the trunk was found, identified in a measure, attention to general subjects. With the shoemaker, such is not the case. He occupies the same all sole, and most of the strain mind on subjects connected with it, gives abundant opportunity for conversation. Men can-Mayor of New York on the same subjects is supplied without reading. In many shops, one or more periodicals are subscribed for by each workman: and it is not too high praise to say that the modest little buildings which are occupied in this manufacture, for the practical education necessary in the trade, and for its care, might better be called academies than some richly endowed institutions.

Lechner had just been married—and he had presented his wife with a gold watch and other articles of value. What after all, the monetary was made by accident. To the public, the most pleasant circumstance in the whole matter is the vindication of those who have been unjustly accused—men whose characters had always been above reproach. Copp, who had the trunk in charge when it was stolen, was most absurdly and criminally negligent. It is said that he neglected the trunk to take care of a basket of eggs! And that, on one of his examinations he gave as a reason for this, that the eggs were marked "with care." His head, one would think, needs the same endorsement, to induce him to keep it out of the steamboat, machinery.

P. S. On Sunday afternoon, Benedict Lechner was found dead in his cell, having committed suicide by hanging himself with his handkerchief. This ends the matter, as far as the robber is, in this world concerned. Parts of the unrigged notes of the Union Bank, had been discovered in the house he occupied; and it is therefore probable that few, if any of them, were filled up. The whole affair has been duly discharged from custody.

NATIONAL FAIR.

In our last paper we stated that a meeting of the friends of Agriculture and Manufactures had been held in Washington, at which the project of a National Fair was talked of. On the 10th, another meeting was held in the City Hall, at which Mr. Peter Force, editor of the National Intelligencer, was appointed chairman, and E. E. Hoover, of New Jersey, and Mr. J. Fuller, of the District of Columbia, secretaries.

The Hon. Wm. P. Thompson, of Kentucky, then the convention explained the object of the election of the previous meeting, made a report; he said, after a full discussion of the subject, both as to the objects, time, and place, in which Mr. Lee, Mr. Gilmore, Mr. Hall, Massachusetts, Mr. Morris, of Philadelphia, Mr. Hunt, of New Jersey, Mr. Hemphill, Mr. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, and Ellsworth, of the District of Columbia, took an active part, the following resolutions were adopted, viz:

Resolved, That this meeting approves and recommend the holding a National Fair, at Baltimore, in May next.

Resolved, That we recommend to the Agricultural Society, of Baltimore, to give notice of the time, and to direct the mode of, the Agricultural and industrial associations, as well as individuals, to attend the Fair and the great assemblage of stock, home products, mechanic arts, and manufactures.

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Properly conducted, (and we have no doubt it will be) this will be one of the most interesting fetes which has ever taken place in this country.

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A bill has been introduced into the Texas House of Representatives, authorizing the annexation of Texas to the United States, provided the United States consent; and it is said that the bill will pass the House of Texas unanimously. If all that is said of President Houston be true, however, Texas must have a friend in Congress, for he is said to possess a law by the Executive signature. President Houston, it appears, has refused to comply with the request made by Mr. Murphy, asking on him for information relative to negotiations with England, France, and the United States, touching the independence of Texas as a nation, and her affairs with Mexico. This refusal had created great excitement.

By reference to our Congressional regest, it will be observed that the subject of the annexation of Texas has, at last, been mentioned officially. Mr. Black of Georgia, gives notice that when the Bill for the annexation of Oregon comes up, he shall move the annexation of Texas as an amendment. This will carry both—or lose both.

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There seems to be nothing in these papers relative to the report that an English Government Steamer was to come out to New York to bring the new Minister.

Sir Henry Pottinger, the British Plenipotentiary in China, had resigned on account of ill health.

The Paris papers bring no news. It is stated that Government has notified the Spanish refugees in France that they must change their residence to a part of the kingdom farther from the frontier.

The affairs of Spain are as usual occupying the attention of all the Courts of Europe. They seem to be more than ever entangled, and the best of visitors, in an enemy to the cause.

Portugal remains quiet. The Queen gentle-men for the evening year: President—Dr. James Mease. Vice Presidents—James Gowen, Esq., Joseph Roberts. Recording Secretary—A. Clement. Assistant Recording Secretary—F. R. Evans. Corresponding Secretary—Dr. A. L. Elwyn. Treasurer—C. Ford. Librarian—Aaron Clement. The association is one whose operations have effected much good, and which has continually to create and increase the interest felt for the cause of agriculture. The modes by which a large amount of money has been collected, and scholars and additional crops produced, are constantly being brought to light and introduced upon the farms. It is pleasant to observe that the Society is constantly receiving accessions of valuable members; and that its exhibitions, anniversaries, and the stated meetings are attended with much interest.

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IN A SNARL.

The Governor of this State, as will be seen by the Legislative proceedings, refuses to recognize the State Printers, prefacing certain charges against the manner of election. The Legislature cannot get hold of certain important documents, until the question is settled, as the Governor insists that it is his duty to deliver them to the State Printer. A committee of investigation has been appointed, and the Governor, instead of going before it to prove his allegations, sends a list of witnesses. The committee then sub-pœnas'd the Governor, but at last dates he disregarded the summons. Meanwhile this disgraceful affair makes the whole business of the Commonwealth.

A FACT LITTLE KNOWN.

In a recent debate in the Senate, on the project of a National Fair was talked of. On the 10th, another meeting was held in the City Hall, at which Mr. Peter Force, editor of the National Intelligencer, was appointed chairman, and E. E. Hoover, of New Jersey, and Mr. J. Fuller, of the District of Columbia, secretaries.

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There seems to be nothing in these papers relative to the report that an English Government Steamer was to come out to New York to bring the new Minister.

Sir Henry Pottinger, the British Plenipotentiary in China, had resigned on account of ill health.

The Paris papers bring no news. It is stated that Government has notified the Spanish refugees in France that they must change their residence to a part of the kingdom farther from the frontier.

The affairs of Spain are as usual occupying the attention of all the Courts of Europe. They seem to be more than ever entangled, and the best of visitors, in an enemy to the cause.

Portugal remains quiet. The Queen gentle-

THE PRESENT.

We are told that Daniel O'Connell has sent Mr. Robert Tyler a chair, which has been spreads of three hundred years in the O'Connell family. It is a magnificent antique style of those days, and formed of old Irish black oak, polished in the finest manner.

COLUMBIA RAIL ROAD.

Edward Gay, Esq. of the city of Philadelphia, has been appointed by the Canal Board, Superintendant of motive power on the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad, in the room of Mr. Moorehead, removed.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

A State Temperance Convention met at Harrisburg last week; but there was a much more scanty attendance than was desired or expected. We hope the good cause is not retrograding.

THE U. S. TREASURY NOTES.

An official statement by the register of the treasury gives the amount of treasury notes outstanding on the 1st inst., at $3,375,222 07.

MOST CURIOUS RELIC.

A fossil *grogh* has recently been found in India. It is only about one third of the size of the existing race of animals of that species.

Our Traveller.

ATTITUDE OF THE EUROPEAN PENTARCHY.

Since the Congress of Vienna, the affairs of Europe have been submitted to a tribunal composed of Russia, France, Austria, Prussia and Russia, commonly known as the Five Great Powers, or the European Pentarchy. In the question between Ireland and Belgium, Sardinia and Spain, Greece and Turkey, &c., the decision of the Five Powers was received as law by the nations interested; and for a long time insubordination would have been threatened with instant invasion by one or all of the Great Powers. If the latter compassing the Pentarchy had the same interests, and were guided in their decisions by the same principles, there would, indeed, be little appreciation of a general war, and the true seat of all sound Diplomacy, the maintenance of peace and of the status quo, or "the legitimate rights of kings." The old Diplomatists were in a habit of calling it, would be nearer than many people imagined. We are told that Nicholas expects most clearly to prove an *able*. What will be the defence of this able act, we cannot say, but we have heard it whispered that they will boldly assert that the attack was first made upon them by Mr. Sprague while they were upon their own soil, and that they shot him and pounded him to death in self-defence." This is palpably absurd, and deserves hardly a thought—much less an argument.

POLLY BODINE.

The health of this woman, charged with participation in the horrid crime of the murder of Mrs. Huggeman and child, at States Island, has been such that her examination has not been resumed. It would appear, from the Staten Island papers, that strong doubts begin to be entertained in her favor; and some persons think that she actually knew nothing of the murder until after it had occurred. Her family believe her innocent; and her counsel says that some circumstances will be brought forward on her trial, which will throw a new and different light on the transaction. These circumstances, whatever they are, he is not at liberty to make public at present.

General News.

DOMESTIC ASSASSINATION.—Captain Edward Colfelt, proprietor of the Richmond Hotel, Augusta, Ga., was attacked and fatally stabbed in the streets of that city on the 8th inst., by a man named Robert Burns, who was a runner for the United States Hotel. Burns stabbed Colfelt three times in the region of the heart with a dirk or bowie knife, after which he instantly expired. The murderer fled with South Carolina, and had not been taken. A reward of five hundred dollars has been offered for his apprehension.

☞ The brig Sarah Lovett, of and from St. Stephens, N. B. Abbott, master, sailed from Eastport on the 4th of December, and while in the streets of that city on the 8th inst., was boarded by Robert Burns, who was a runner for the United States Hotel. Burns stabbed Colfelt three times in the region of the heart with a dirk or bowie knife, after which he instantly expired. The murderer fled with South Carolina, and had not been taken. A reward of five hundred dollars has been offered for his apprehension.

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☞ The brig Sar

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$3 if paid in advance; $1,50 in advance for six months.

Subscribers are requested to furnish their letters addressed to us. The word "post" at the end of a letter is not enough. Agents will please endorse their letters with their names on the outside.

Other letters will not be taken from the office nor can before the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes and current Banks received in payment for our Paper.

Letters are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep the accounts right.

Remember, many letters to the Post Office remained from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, and receive subscriptions as heretofore:

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We will not be responsible agent by the name of Wilcox, Ohio.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, except the city of Cincinnati. ☞ Mr. JAMES is authorized to receive subscriptions for Graham's Magazine, Post and Ladies' National Magazine.

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

CLEMENT M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

☞ HARRIET F. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by James K. Polk, Nashville, Tennessee. H. Polk is Editor of the Nashville Union.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PERRY is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

W. H. and W. H. WELLS, Baltimore, Md.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to receive subscriptions for the Saturday Post, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. People ought to now his hand at his seats in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

Tot Two Half Dollar,—and Other Tales. A Gift for Children. Boston: Tappan & Dennett. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1844. 12mo. pp. 180.—At this month's the stories and rhymes, made from among the papers of Mrs. Adeline S. Gould, by one of her surviving sisters. What children will be pleased with a table of contents, tractive little book for its intrinsic merits. To the writer of this notice, and to parents generally, the volume has a peculiar interest, somewhere from the place of their birth, it possesses an interest which words cannot describe. Another, and a dear friend of the Southern Rose Bud, and represents an hourly sympathy with that Church in her present trials and conditions.

H. We tender a cordial welcome to our esteemed brother from Scotland, and earnestly commend him, and his cause in expressions of the affectionate regard and confidence of the churches and ministry we are addressing.

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to make arrangements for a tea and public meeting to be held during Dr. Cunningham's contemplated visit to the United States.

Whereupon the following named gentlemen were appointed this Committee.

Messrs. Dr. Wilson, Messrs. Barnes, Dr. Bethune, Rev. J. Chambers, Dr. Wylie, Dr. Berg, Rev. Mr. Wilkes, Rev. Mr. Wilson, Dr. C. E. Demarest, Rev. Mr. Dales.

State Legislature.

IN SENATE, Wednesday Jan. 10.—Mr. Darsie submitted a preamble and resolution instructing our delegation in Congress to use their influence to procure the passage by Congress for building a bridge over the Ohio, at Wheeling, Va., and the removal of every obstruction to the navigation of the Ohio river.

Mr. Stine introduced a joint resolution instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill to give out the printing to the lowest bidder, and repeal the State Printer law, which was adopted, by a vote of 23 to 22.

Mr. Strode introduced a resolution which was adopted, instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill for the assembling of the Legislature once in two years.

Mr. Brackenridge introduced a bill to protect and provide for the moral education of children employed in factories.

Mr. Stine introduced a bill to prevent travelling on the State canals on the Sabbath.

Mr. Hinchman read, in his place, a bill providing for the repeal of the act relating to the publication of the proceedings of the Legislature during the present session.

Mr. Stine read in place an act to authorize banks to issue small notes.

The Senate bills authorizing the Philadelphia and Lancaster Company to widen and alter its affairs, passed second and third readings, and were sent to the House for concurrence.

The House bill, providing for the payment of creditors for the city and county of Philadelphia, passed three readings, and was sent to the Senate for action thereon.

Mr. Hinchman introduced joint resolutions, repealing so much of the act of 1842, as limits the State tax to one year's operation.

The joint resolutions from the Senate instructing and requesting our Senators and Representatives in Congress, to vote against any law for the assumption of the debts of the State of Ohio, at Wheeling, Va., passed final reading, and were sent to the Senate for approval.

IN SENATE, Jan. 16.—The Committee of investigation on the subject of printing, made a report, stating that the Governor declined to appear as a witness. While debate was proceeding on this report, a message was received from the Governor, avowing his determination not to appear, and assigning his reasons. The latter upon the matter occupied the whole session.

IN THE HOUSE, the same message was received, and a long debate took place upon it, without decision.

Congressional.

IN SENATE, Wednesday Jan. 10.—Several bills for the survey of Western Rivers, and other matters of comparatively minor interest were introduced and taken up. The Pea Patch Island affair was discussed at length.

IN THE HOUSE.—Several of the Appropriation bills were considered, and twelve were referred to the Committee of the Whole. Resolutions were introduced, instructing the various committees to report plans of retrenchment: and several resolutions of inquiry were offered.

Several executive communications were received. Among them was our giving copies of a correspondence between the Secretary of State and Mr. Pakenham, touching the recent and oppressive operation of our Tariff laws, on the products of the West that country.

The rest of the morning hour was taken up by Mr. A. V. Brown, in a speech in support of the 21st Rule.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole, upon the consideration of various bills of the President's Message. The debate was with reference to that portion which relates to the Western Waters. The Western members generally, but others advocated the reference to the Committee on Commerce.

IN SENATE, Thursday Jan. 11.—After consideration of private claims, the Senate went into Executive session.

IN THE HOUSE, Mr. Parmenter, from the Naval Committee, reported a Bill for the relief of Mr. Hudson and a gratuity to the widow and children of Lieutenant Gwinnup. It was read twice and made the order of the day for to-morrow.

A report was made from a Committee to whom had been referred a petition from Lockport, that Report Cathedral—Saint John's Church, Thirteenth above Chestnut street.

Mr. Adams' report on the 21st Rule then was taken up, and the rest of the morning hour was occupied by Mr Rhett and Mr. Pollock, who spoke in favor of retaining the Rule.

The House then, in Committee of the Whole, took up the President's Message, the question being on the reference of that portion of it which relates to the Western waters. Mr. Hunter, of Va., spoke in favor of the reference to the Committee on Commerce.

FRIDAY, January 12. The Senate did not sit.

IN THE HOUSE, A resolution was offered, calling for information as to whether any American ships have been engaged in a contraband trade with Mexico, and if so, what action has been taken.

A bill was introduced and read twice, to establish a permanent and prospective pre-emption system. It was made the order of the day.

A bill was introduced and twice read, exempting from duty coin imported into the U. States Mint at Dahlonega.

A resolution was offered asking the appointment of a select committee to inquire into any expediency of reducing the postage upon letters, the engraving of maps for the House. The resolution was adopted in the affirmative by yeas the 26th and 27th Congresses.

Mr. Mallory, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill to provide for the relief of the representatives of American seamen who died in the West Indies, and then the House went into committee of the whole on the bill, and resumed the consideration of the Oregon question.

SATURDAY, Jan. 13.—The Senate did not sit.

IN THE HOUSE.—Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, desired to be heard in answer to an article which had appeared in the Globe. But after some debate on the subject, Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, addressed the House in support of the resolutions of inquiry, which he had offered on the subject of the Oregon question.

Mr. Dean, of Ohio, submitted a resolution inquiring into the expediency of changing the law, so that the election of President and Vice President should hereafter take place on the same day, throughout the Union.

A resolution was introduced calling for the relative cost of foreign and domestic hemp used in this country by the Navy.

Mr. Wilkins, from the Committee on the Judiciary, presented a report in the shape of a bill, repealing certain laws of the United States relative to fugitives from justice.

Mr. Saltonstall presented a minority report on the same subject.

A bill was introduced, calling on the Postmaster General for a statement of the free letters and paid letters and the number of each sent from the several departments, made in the course of the year.

A resolution calling on the Secretary of the Navy, to report all the officers above the rank of midshipmen, who have been in the naval service more than six months, and the amount received by each officer and all charges in each, with the reasons which have been given in each case, was submitted, but it lost over.

The House then took up the report on the rules, when Mr. Belser delivered his views at length, and was followed by Mr. Cobb, of Ga., until the expiration of the morning hour.

The House again went into Committee of the Whole, on the subject of the reference of the President's Message, and after exhausted the auditors, were themselves exhausted in turn, and the House adjourned.

IN SENATE, Monday Jan. 15.—After the presentation of a few petitions, the Senate went into Executive Session.

IN THE HOUSE, a resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of War for a statement of all the expenditures on the Cumberland road.

A motion was submitted relative to the establishing of a committee on printing.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ From an official statement just presented to the Government of Great Britain, it appears that since the year 1828, no less than forty-five thousand new houses, forming seven hundred and fifty new streets and squares, have been erected, all in the course of building in London, and its suburbs.

COMMERCE OF CHARLESTON.—There were entered into the port of Charleston, S. C., during the year 1843, one hundred ships and barques; one hundred and one brigs, and seventy-nine schooners. Total, three hundred and eighty. The total number one hundred and twenty were in ballast.

☞ Several of the Upper Canada papers state that Kingston is to become forthwith the chief fortress of the country in Canada. Preparations are making to commence the north-west line of the proposed fortifications for the defence of Kingston, in the spring.

☞ A commercial expedition of two vessels has recently been despatched from Bremen for the purpose of opening a trade with China. German manufactures for the China market, John Bull has beaten the boob, for every body else, and the Lord.

☞ The Razor Strop Man has reached New Orleans, and taken out a licence to vend his wares. It was a lucky accident for this man, that he could not get employment at his regular trade.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ We learn from the Western Episcopalian that Bishop McIlvaine was eminently successful in his recent agency for the collection of funds for the Episcopal College and Seminary in Ohio, the Rt. Rev. gentleman having collected about twenty thousand dollars for the bond and mortgage on the college property has been cancelled.

☞ We hope that truth in the statement in a London paper, the other day, to the effect that the Rev. Robert Montgomery, of London,—author of Satan, Montgomery's Pelican Island, the designation of his poem—has been invited to the pastoral charge of St. Thomas' Church, in New York.

☞ The Presbyterian Church in Grand street, New York, has commenced taking up subscriptions in aid of the Free Church of Scotland. Upwards of $3,000 has already been contributed by private subscription.

☞ The Rev. John M. Rogers, late of Princeton, has accepted the call of the Presbyterian congregation at Woodbury, and has assumed the duties of pastor, so acceptably discharged by the lamented Mr. Blydenburgh.

REPORTED FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP OPEN ON
SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 19th.

PRESBYTERIAN—Spring Garden Church, Spruce above Fifth street. Ninth Church, Schuylkill Seventh above Spruce. Second Church, Race above Fifth. Schuylkill Eighth and Willow streets.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL—St. Peter's, Central Church, Northern Liberties, Centre below Fourth street. Fifth Church, Arch above Tenth street. Eleventh Church, Vine above Twelfth street. Christ Church, Second above Market. Ascension Church, Locust above Seventh. Advent Church, (Temperance Hall) Spruce above Seventh. Immanuel Church, Mariborough street above Girard avenue. Trinity Church, Spring Garden street below Ridge Road. Saint Mary's Church, Hanoverville.

METHODIST—Union Church, Race above Fifth. Meeting House, Cherry and Fifth street.

BAPTIST—Second Church, Race above Seventh. Spring Garden street below Ridge Road. Saint Mary's Church, Hanoverville.

CATHOLIC—Saint Matthew's Church, New street below Fourth.

GERMAN REFORMED—First Church, Race street below Fourth.

DUTCH REFORMED—First Church, Crown street near Cherry.

LUTHERAN—Church of the United Brethren, Race and Franklin.

BAPTIST.—All open but the First Church.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—All open on Sunday Evening.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.—All open on Sunday Evening.

UNIVERSALIST.—All open on Sunday Evening.

UNITARIAN.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Locust streets.

SWEDENBORGIAN.—New Jerusalem Chapel, Fourth street below Cherry.

MORAVIAN.—Brethren's Church, Water street below Walnut. Bethel, corner of Steppen and Swanson street.

FRIENDS.—Orthodox, Arch street Meeting House, corner of Fifth and Cherry streets. Congregation of Dr. Cox, (Caplain Hall) Race street between Seventh and Eighth.

HICKSITE—Cherry street, between Fourth and Sixth.

HOBART—Hall at Third and Willow streets.

WISTER'S ISRAEL VEGETABLE PILLS have most deservedly taken the lead of all similar remedies. The experience of thousands who have used them, for the last twenty years for a short time, for hitherto unrivalled success in the cure of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Colds, Coughs, Rheumatism, Agues, Asthma, Piles, Fevers, Consumption, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Female Complaints, Dropsy, Gout, Gravel, Fits, Headache, Worms, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Nervousness, Debility, Sore Eyes, Sore Throat, Ulcers, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scurvy

Sacred Poetry.

THE MISSIONARY.

BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

He stands upon the ocean's dock,
And on she leaves the strand,
The tender giant is bound, once more,
To the distant land.
From his native land, the fond farewell,
Is scarcely heard to fall,
To those he leaves he ne'er sit-ed,
To meet again at all.

Farewell! There's sadness in Go usual,
The when the distant land
Of Hope says, we shall meet again,
Is heard on either hand,
But ah! how fondly wishing by,
To know that parting word,
Perhaps separated like a joyful joy,
Which ne'er can be restored.

Then bid our parting when the tear
Which bound him to his home,
Are ne'er secured by that last farewell—
No hope that years to come
Might reunite him to his loved
And cherish'd once again,
Spoke sanctioned in the heart,
Or smil'd in better pain.

He wept. The tribute nature claims,
Was paid to parted love,
To home, and all the rich delights,
He ne'er again could prove—
And, bending the following breath'd
The earnest, anxious prayer,
That God would bless and shield on earth
Of his his parental care.

His tears were dried. Upon his soul
A calm and easier peace,
Had settled, breathing all
Of faith and hope and love,
And from the Holy Book that, indeed,
Will be the hostess and bread,
Of those who trust his promises,
And on his love depend.

Onward the vessel speeds her course,
The great relief within her breast,
The feelings and the spirit drove—
His heart no longer bound
Forth nerves, hope confirm, duty calls,
And nobler aims he found,
To cheer him on his chosen path,
And check his wavering mind,
He rises to speak the words of life
To souls in error bind,
And hear the Gospel's joyful sound,
To such as darkness lost—
To speak his Master's glorious works,
His glad and happy theme,
And teach untutored savages
The Christian's hope to know.

Dear friend! Christian theme! To win
To preach a Savior's dying love,
To teach a Savior's name,
And the long of life divine,
To guide poor sinners' way,
To plant the first upon their soil
Which ne'er can know decay!

And oh! that wish reward which wins
A work of grace like this!
A life of love, a death of peace,
At Heaven of endless bliss!
Farewell, beloved, homes fall
For, far below the prize
He gains, who claims the work his own—
His glory never dies!

From the Magazines.

FROM THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, FOR FEBRUARY.

AUNT SUZY'S ABDICATION.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

"Well, I dare say you know best," said aunt Susan, "and, my dear Harry, you know I have studied nothing since your mother died, and left you in my charge, except your interest. I dare say you have best—that is, that you think you know best—but I never have. I wish you would let the getting things without consulting me, Harry—that piece of linen you sent home for shirts has cotton filling. Tregent sentence was a parenthesis, and Aunt Susan proceeded. "They all tell me she is pretty—but Harry," continued the negative, "I know that is not a fact color." Aunt Susan was here taking at a text which Harry was just about to read the first time. "And I'm told she's rich too—well—that is well enough as far as it goes. The last coat which you bought was a rich thing, but then there was no way at all in it. I do wish you would let me take care of you so I might not bring anything into the house until I have examined it. I declare men are such plagues, and never can let well enough alone."

And now what was Harry to say to all this long admonition? How was he to reply? What course should he take under it? And what was it all about? A portion of these questions we must answer to the reader. While Aunt Susan continued she was speaking that she was going to answer her nephew's doubtful, but nevertheless hesitatingly delivered information that he had determined upon getting married. Of course Aunt Susan affected a most provoking ignorance of all things hesitatingly in such an event, though she had been watching his movements more narrowly than ever for many a month, and knew all about them. She compelled the bashful young fellow at the head of catechism, to plead to every step he had taken in the matter, like a culprit. She talked to him just as she had done fifteen years before, when she found by the stain on his lips, that he had been surreptitiously eating the sweetmeat; and the poor fellow actually began to feel, under the inquisitorial process, much used guilt, than he did, when, a Jubilery boy, he underwent examination for the same. And upon this Susan played her card as well that Harry felt the unconscious creeping over him that marriage is a very improper trip for a young man to fall into—a thing of which he is not to be bound to be heartily ashamed; and if the good old gossip had not so funnily mixed up his intended with her coats and wild imperfections, in dry pearls, thereby naturally provoking him to think there is no knowing what unlucky trait or treatment of the case might have had upon him.

Against marriage in the abstract Aunt Susan was most energetically opposed; and had been ever since her own chance of experimentally testing its evils had passed away. And upon this particular score she had misgivings amounting quite to despair. In the first place, it had been her fortune to keep her nephew from any unproper precocious intense. Once a child always a child, was her motto in reference to him, and with a sincere feeling of kindness, mixed with a no less sincere, quite as sincere feeling of selfishness, she had labored hard to keep him helpless dependence. Pretty well had she succeeded—but if boys will find out that they are more in spite of their business, it is no wonder that Harry Howard got a glimpse and suspicion of that fact, in spite of his aunt. With Clara Spencer for a teacher of dancing, he had made a proficiency in the knowledge of the fact that he was old enough to be of age, and to which Aunt Susan now was too deep rooted to be easily effaced—of all. She had used well the matter of as long as she could by silent and tactful maneuvering—but the crisis had now come, and could no longer be delayed or avoided. Harry had actually mustered the old Presbery to tell her in plain words what she had refused to understand by hints and insendos. Her first thought was to send him back with—rent a light, and without his supper—but when she thought of it, and saw his tender, manly weakness, she felt for the first time fully conscious that the day for such fosterage had gone by.

Some Aunt Susan found that another sad came in, to

Disturb her secret solace; rage,

she would have been glad to have compromised matters by choosing a wife for him, and compelling him to be satisfied with her to suppress himself gratified, or at least to say nothing. As she could not make him betroth, she would no doubt have provided a husband on true prudential principles—as she taught his children—for service and not for mere heart. But even this was not to be. For the first time on his life, he was something himself, and was not consulting her before or afterward, without taking her advice previous to it, or present to her opinion after the bargain was made. The little name knew, and trembled at the fate that came with her to Aunt Susan's peace. In the first place Clara taught Harry the monstrous notion that he had a soul of his own—a thing on which Aunt Susan had carefully guarded his against from his youth up. Before his marriage he had no more dared to complain of this, or express a preference of that than a work-house boy dare expostulate upon the appearance of his soup. His aunt had long twisted him on his goings out, and in his comings in. His very courtship was done by her eyes—and after each meeting with his intended, he listened as gratefully under the glances of Aunt Susan's gold eyes, reflected by her reversal glasses, as if he were a boarding-school girl, hanging up a chandelier contemplated. She had exercised the right of supervision and veto over the manufacture of Harry's best boot-maker and his hatter, and held his shirts, their bills and receipts under as absolute control as the Chinese hoard of costume manipulation over the various grades from Imperial down to Sun-Closing in the Celestial Empire. But now—

Was there not a revolution? It was not a week before the bride absolutely dared to dispute certain breakfast table proposals of her husband that Mr. Howard young wives always Mr their husbands to third persons, in order to Mistress themselves by reflection!—that Mr. Howard chose eggs, or finished steak—or mercurous to narrate, wanted both! Was there ever such rebellion! Harry became Mr.—and worse than all, schoolmaster Harry, transformed into a man with likes and dislikes! Aunt Susy trembled on a very night, at the first intimation that there are souls in piebeian bodies.

But like the first, she had no hope or chance but to give way with the best grace she could before the alarming downward tendency of her cherished obedience—a tendency upon innocence which followed. Howard appeared at Aunt Susan's one morning, of which Aunt Susan had never long forgotten, before it broke upon her astonished vision. Those hats, and gloves, and innumerable accessory items in as things of course, and at length, his whole wardrobe passed carefully out from under her supervision—and that piece of things purchased by him were no longer either matters of pre-discussion, or of after reprimand. Another morning Aunt Susan she found an upholsterer at work one fine morning in the parlor, who, after having had displaced every carpet dealer in the city and country, subsequently, and even at last made so bold she to be thus rudely set aside! It was atrocious—unexpectable.

"Pretty much it?" asked Clara. Aunt Susan had not yet deigned to enter the sperment, and mentally purged over the logs of her speeches.

"Your choice, I suppose?" she inquired.

"Yes, aunt," Clara answered—as if she were almost tempted into an entire lie—or did not like to confess the truth of her own. "But Howard insisted on it, and I—"

"Likely enough. Young married folks are very apt to agree, *at first*. I suppose Harry will afford to indulge you your fancy."

And having thus effectually marred all the enjoyment which the young wife had hoped to feel from the gratification of an innocent vanity, Aunt Susan bestowed every with a half malicious chuckle. She had exiled herself to an upper room, and the most convenient room in the house, and had hinted to others till she almost began to believe it herself, that such was the case. But in "child Harry had brought home." The mutterings in which she had indulged over her and other such important grievances, were the mist and rue—the roots and herbs—the vine gar and pill of her discontent. In vain did poor Clara try to draw her out, and to make her a cheerful companion. The young wife strove to so purpose to make herself agreeable, because she was the supposed to be independent and why she was disagreeable to her husband's aunt, that she was the first to discover an evil which she did not comprehend. Nor indeed would anything short of an abdication of her authority in what had been justified the most planted mistress of the house. Without a word which could be taken hold of as tangible, or which could be distinctly stated in all its force by a meaning, she had at last begun to make her her niece completely unhappy—unhappy too, without any power to help her to it.

Nor was the husband neglected by the spinster, in her kind of way. Harry's letters, his applications of anecdote addressed to him, put him in a frame of mind corresponding to that one which his wife had been so ingeniously betrayed. All in the house were reduced to a state of miserable discomfort, and a thunder-gust was coming on that he might be again deputed the management of the house, but that was the last much. They became under her daily influence, each thoroughly disgusted with the other; and it was no alleviation to their discontent that they were equally miserable, or that they seemed, fastened in the same yoke, and bound to each other's interests, and to be necessary to themselves, to hide their unhappiness, and appear to the circle in which they moved perfectly happy. Harry found it out, as children the offenses, which is the next worse calamity, and Aunt Susan found it out, and he pitied the wife she goes abroad and says that she is afflicted with a peevish child. But it was useless to comments that he is suffering under the chronic disease of a peevish wife, and he will pretty soon to meet more ridicule than solace, and to be told you are" another thing—more serious too. Matrimonial miseries are not things to be talked about; if they were we should perhaps hear more quite as much of quarrels, and jade; or, rather, inferences so favorable relative to the sex-relative, that we should be drawn from the conduct and outward seeming of the wife-elect.

Like all manoeuvering women (save, and men are not always exempt from it), Aunt Susan had kept exerpts by bearing upon her own particular views and purposes. She was in the habit of hearing her nephew and his wife only the warrant for the success of her plans. Beside, she had a great old habit of listening to the secrets of housewifery, she did not dream that she was accessory to the fact that she was to be cured by her doing the marketing once more, and taking Mrs. Howard's place at the head of the table—a domestic revolution which she was not prepared for.

The finishing stroke in aunt Suzy's programme of proposed domestic incidents, was the following—and one nothing when she had been gratified by hearing quite an animated remonstrance between Harry and Clara, as to who should be carving out her plan. But the latter was not to succeed. The young couple made any ill-bred display. There were some very excellent arrangements for the day, all of which, expressed in a little different language, had pronounced on a note quite as low as that which would have fairly come under the title of "scolding." On the husband's there were decided symptoms of a storm, and violent ones, too. The scene ended by his taking his hat—Clara's taking to the window and crying—and Aunt Susan taking her way up to her solitary room to meet that she cared to confess. What had been you this was all about? Why it was merely two married people—maiden aunt—and not a good substitute for capers, with boiled mutton and turnips. Harry said that they were cold, and we will defend him in it too, to the last jot of mutton.

When Harry came home, he encountered the severest test which afflicts a man's patience by a child—he met nothing to reference to him, and with a sincere feeling of kindness, mixed with a no less sincere, quite as sincere feeling of selfishness, she had labored hard to keep him helpless dependence. Pretty well had she succeeded—but if boys will find out that they are more in spite of their business, it is no wonder that Harry Howard got a glimpse and suspicion of that fact, in spite of his aunt. With Clara Spencer for a teacher of dancing, he had made a proficiency in the knowledge of the fact that he was old enough to be of age, and to which Aunt Susan now was too deep rooted to be easily effaced—of all. She had used well the matter of as long as she could by silent and tactful maneuvering—but the crisis had now come, and could no longer be delayed or avoided. Harry had actually mustered the old Presbery to tell her in plain words what she had refused to understand by hints and insendos. Her first thought was to send him back with—rent a light, and without his supper—but when she thought of it, and saw his tender, manly weakness, she felt for the first time fully conscious that the day for such fosterage had gone by.

Some Aunt Susan found that another sad came in, to

Disturb her secret solace; rage,

she would have been glad to have compromised matters by choosing a wife for him, and compelling him to be satisfied with her to suppress himself gratified, or at least to say nothing. As she could not make him betroth, she would no doubt have provided a husband on true prudential principles—as she taught his children—for service and not for mere heart. But even this was not to be. For the first time on his life, he was something himself, and was not consulting her before or afterward, without taking her advice previous to it, or present to her opinion after the bargain was made. The little name knew, and trembled at the fate that came with her to Aunt Susan's peace. In the first place Clara taught Harry the monstrous notion that he had a soul of his own—a thing on which Aunt Susan had carefully guarded his against from his youth up. Before his marriage he had no more dared to complain of this, or express a preference of that than a work-house boy dare expostulate upon the appearance of his soup. His aunt had long twisted him on his goings out, and in his comings in. His very courtship was done by her eyes—and after each meeting with his intended, he listened as gratefully under the glances of Aunt Susan's gold eyes, reflected by her reversal glasses, as if he were a boarding-school girl, hanging up a chandelier contemplated. She had exercised the right of supervision and veto over the manufacture of Harry's best boot-maker and his hatter, and held his shirts, their bills and receipts under as absolute control as the Chinese hoard of costume manipulation over the various grades from Imperial down to Sun-Closing in the Celestial Empire. But now—

Was there not a revolution? It was not a week before the bride absolutely dared to dispute certain breakfast table proposals of her husband that Mr. Howard young wives always Mr their husbands to third persons, in order to Mistress themselves by reflection!—that Mr. Howard chose eggs, or finished steak—or mercurous to narrate, wanted both! Was there ever such rebellion! Harry became Mr.—and worse than all, schoolmaster Harry, transformed into a man with likes and dislikes! Aunt Susy trembled on a very night, at the first intimation that there are souls in piebeian bodies.

But like the first, she had no hope or chance but to give way with the best grace she could

And the travelling hat was taken off—and what is more, it has never been put on since. But Aunt Susan says that she walked "in" to stay (!) or she never would have stopped in the world. And so she has sweetened herself with the autocracy of the nursery, and is a very good old woman at heart, and an excellent nurse; and furthermore, as she has discovered that Harry has his wife can do without her, and as they have learned better that to let her make them miserable, things are not likely to be declared. Aunt Susan will be declared happy when young Harry gets his first dandy beauty.

The Humorist.

☞ An unsophisticated Tennessean, who did not understand the difference between a fashionable music, went to hear Ole Bull, and when he had been performed some of his most difficult passages, the audience applauded vociferously. A lady turning to his, exclaimed: "Is it not most delightful?" "Well, I don't hear any music about it," replied the Tennessean, "but I do wish he would quit that tuning, and play something." —Washington Union.

☞ A charitable divine, for the benefit of an country where he resided, obtained a box, two guineas; and as he was one day overlooking the work, a certain nobleman from the country came to him, and desired him to put down two guineas and charity, I don't take this to be the way to Heaven." "Sir," said the parson, "I replied the doctor, "for if it was, I should be quite to meet your lordship there."

☞ A certain judge was reprimanding an attorney for bringing several small suits into court unnecessarily. "Why, your honor, I was much better for all parties, had he persuaded his clients to settle their cause in the first instance of two or three hence! men. "Please your honors," retorted the lawyer, "I did endeavor to trouble *honest men* with them." The judge fainted.

☞ A man in Providence has invented a machine to renovate old bachelors. Out of a good sized, fat, greasy old bachelor, it will make a slim, active young man, and have enough left to make two small *puppys*, a pair of ladies' boots, and a small share of *soft soap*. Surely this is an age of improvement!

☞ A young spendthrift who had made up and all he had, went to his last suit of clothes, was told one day by a friend—"Now, Jack, I hope you'll even yourself a bit, now, for there is an end put to all cares." "How so?" asked the fellow. "Why, you've pawned all, and have nothing left to take care of."

☞ A wag says that in journeying lately he came to a sign, on which was painted a picture of a man, of whom he did not know a single one-half of its season; and underneath, "Here's Jemmy Wiggins, the famous dancing master." "Well," said he, "I *found them all out!*"

☞ A gentleman having related a circumstance, asked his friend what he thought of it. The friend's reply may be found by making a few leaves forward as a blessing; and as the anticipation of ill is the surest description of joy, both were more than tolerably successful in making themselves miserable.

☞ "John," said a down-east gal to her brother, "I wish you'd learn me how to write a new long enough: I want to know what your composition is, as I don't propose to be kept in *expense* any longer."

☞ Betsey Piper—sister of Peter Piper, who picked a peck of pickled peppers—has been arrested in Washington City, charged with beauty of an unusual degree. Better look out.

☞ The Society for the confusion of Useless Knowledge has announced a New Geographical Discovery. It is that the Cannibal Islands are the home of the Fejee mermaids.

☞ A lady asked a judge what was the difference between a lawyer and an attorney? "Precisely the same," he answered, "as between a crocodile and an alligator."

☞ "I've just been reading a story about you," said a fellow to the cook said to the lobster who she lifted up the saucepan lid. ▪

☞ "Here, boys, I have the pleasure to divide between you a couple of cents, so there are two for you, and two for me, too."

☞ "I interfere with no one's *fire side rights*, as the woman said when her drunken husband fell under the fire-stick

☞ It is said that a man in New Orleans was so cross, that he died in trying to get asleep, he wrung his neck off.

☞ Why is a Yankee subject to water on the brain? Because he has a notion (an ocean) in his head.

☞ Nothing is certain," as the loafer said when he allowed a dog to lick his pockets.

☞ Why is wit like a Chinese lady's foot? Because brevity is the soul of it.

Choice Selections.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY ELIZA COOK.

There's a love that only lives
While the cheek is fresh and red,
There's a love that lies in sighs
Where the pleasure feast is spread
It hovers round our halls
And it sings a merry theme,
But it flies with autumn leaves
From the first touch of winter.

It cometh with the ray,
And it goeth with the cloud,
Its life is happiness,
Its worship is mirth—
Oh, Love! Love! Love!
Is no truer than a dream!
When many shale meet our bath,
And all wear sorrow for her

But there's a love that keeps
When the sun has ceased to shine,
With a flower that never sleeps
Through the darkest hour of night
It is not always seen,
And it can live unfed,
For it bringeth fearful eyes,
And tender sighing lovers.

A faces let hath by,
Who never knew them, then gets
Like the linnet from the tree,
On the wild flute from the reed—
Oh, Love! Love! Love!
Is no truer than a dream,
When only one life all the heart,
And that one be unkind.

INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

The Cincinnati Patriot relates an agreeable incident as having recently occurred in that city. The editor states that a few days since a boat rounded to at the levee, crowded as usual with cart loads of emigrants and household goods, bound for the upper Mississippi. An unusual number of Germans were knocked on the engine about the boat, and in case of an explosion or collision, for slaughter or for escape, no more unsafe position could be found to gather in a pen. Among them was a stout, fine looking German girl of twenty or thirty years, who might weigh 150 pounds. A heavy bulk of freight was being taken on board, and during while, Aunt Suzy, who had ex-determinated her authority, had left the premises, and was in the act of being discovered it. She had grown out, to such a way that both Harry and his wife most hear of it that she was dead and gone, until she was asked, and as the invitation of a change of scene was very felicity itself, the loss of which they were likely to be guilty, matters were not to be thought of. Time, and Clara's kindness and girlhood they had felt the rising flame of love: but he had left his heart with her, and a new and a better one without severing any existing ties. Fate had determined to separate these friends; these cause lovers.

They had separated with regret, but not with anger, for had remained of her. Her separation was mutually supposed to be forever. Harry had a considerable property to manage, and Clara was now her old friend approaching time, no plighted troth, for the love of her old friend